

ELSON HAD THIEF'S RECORD.

ted to Him as the Robber
His Employer, Prescott
Hall Butler.

sa Servant in the Household, It is
Alleged He Stole Jewelry Val-
ued at \$1,620.

HE BROKE DOWN WHEN ARRESTED.

All These Articles He Pawned, Received
for Them Only \$350 and Spent
Every Cent of
It.

There was arraigned in Jefferson Market
Court yesterday a handsome, well dressed
lad, who had been arrested by Detectives
McCarthy and Pollock, of the Central
Office, charged with stealing jewelry val-
ued at \$1,620 from Prescott Hall Butler, a
member of the law firm of Evans, Choate
& Beaman, of No. 52 Wall street.

Mr. Butler resides at No. 34 East Thirty-
seventh street. About a month ago he ad-
vertised in the newspapers for an assis-
tant butler. As a result, Harold Nelson,
who lived at No. 37 Greenpoint avenue,
Long Island City, was engaged.

Shortly after his advent into the house
the family began to miss valuable di-
amonds and jewelry. Young Nelson, being a
newcomer, was the first to be suspected,
but he was so innocent looking and did his
work so well that the family ceased to
believe he was the thief.

The losses continued, and when the de-
tectives took the case in hand they im-
mediately began investigating the records and
antecedents of those employed in the house-
hold.

It was discovered that when Nelson was
fifteen years of age he was employed by
Hazard & Hazard, the druggists at Broad-
way and Twenty-seventh street, and had
been sentenced to two years in the House
of Refuge by Recorder Smyth for stealing
articles valued at \$600 from that firm. He
was only released in November last.

Following this clue the detectives visited
sixth avenue pawn shops, and found that
Nelson had pawned several of the articles
missing from the Butler house at these
shops.

When the officers told him they knew
of his other crime and that they had proof
that he had pawned the jewelry, he broke
down and confessed his guilt. He was then
arrested.

The missing articles were one diamond
and sapphire ring, \$180; two large di-
amond rings, \$400; one emerald ring, \$300;
one diamond and pearl brooch, \$300;
one diamond and ruby dagger pin, \$250,
and a stickpin with three sapphires, \$150.
Nelson said he had received from the
pawnshops about \$350, and had spent every
cent of it.

Magistrate Westworth remanded him
until to-morrow, when Mr. Butler will
press the charge against him. His photo-
graph was placed in the Rogues' Gallery
yesterday, and several of the officers say
he has the handsomest face yet secured
for that collection.

TO JAIL FOR DRUMMING.

salvation Army Soldiers Punished for Dis-
turbance the Peace in a New
England Town.

Malden, Mass., April 14.—The members
of the Salvation Army recently arrested
were arraigned in the District Court this
morning and fined for disturbing the peace
and violating the city ordinance in beating
a brass drum in the streets without a per-
mit. Many appealed their cases to the
Superior Court, but fifteen, including five
women, preferred to go to jail.

Judge Bruce released the five women
soldiers at noon on their own recognizances
to save them from going to jail, they prom-
ise to appear when wanted. Later one
prisoner paid his fine of \$10 and was re-
leased. He was the only one who paid the
fine. The others were taken to Cambridge.
The Army had been forbidden to beat the
drum in the streets and had been warned
several times.

ASSAULTED BY A CANDIDATE.

An Old Judge Maltreated by a Would-Be
Governor.

Mexico, Mo., April 14.—S. B. Cook, a
member of the Democratic State Central
Committee, who was elected a delegate-at-
large from Anderson County to the Sedalia
convention, and who was indicted as the
logical candidate for the next Governor of
Missouri, yesterday made a brutal assault
on Judge A. J. Douglass, of Benton City,
who was a delegate to the convention.
It was after the convention adjourned.
On meeting Douglass, Cook dealt the old
man several blows on the head and face,
part of the time the Judge being held by a
bystander. The Judge is one of the gray-
headed patriarchs of the county, and the
assault is generally condemned as unwar-
ranted and cowardly.

LANE'S STRANGE IMMIGRATION STORY.

Lands in America Despite Offi-
cial Efforts to Keep
Him Out

Sent Back to Ireland, He at Once
Returns and Reaches the
Home of Friends,

RISKS HIS LIFE IN THE ATTEMPT.

Jumps Overboard from the Lucania at
Quarantine, Hides Under a Pier and
Gets on Dry Land by Crawl-
ing Through a Sewer.

Although the immigration authorities on
Ellis Island have for two weeks past been
searching in vain for Patrick Lane, who
disappeared mysteriously from the Cunard
steamer Lucania on her last voyage to
this port, he is at present in this city en-
gaged in business, and walks the street
apparently careless of the fact that the
officials named are anxious to seize and
send him back again to the place of his
birth. He takes, however, not to go
near the Battery, where immigration offi-
cials are occasionally to be found, nor has
he called at the Barge Office for the trunks
and other baggage that are awaiting a
claimant.

Lane is wanted by the authorities for an
alleged attempt to violate the Contract
Labor law. He was returned once for
giving unsatisfactory answers as to how
he came to this country. In the few weeks
which followed, and which ended in his
successfully evading the Government In-
spector, he managed to crowd into his life
more experience and adventure than the
ordinary individual meets within a decade.

Lane is a son of the Emerald Isle, and
for the past two years he was a star mem-
ber of the All Ireland Football Club,
the champion organization there. Besides
this, he is a good all around athlete. Up to
the time he left his native city—Cork—he
was manager for John Daly, the largest
wholesale flour merchant there. His
brother is at present a large coal mer-
chant in that city.

There was no particular reason why Lane
should want to give up his business and
seek a home in this country, save that
many of his friends had started before him.
Without saying a word to any one, he
drew his money out of the bank, started
for Queenstown and purchased a steerage
ticket to New York. The next morning
he was on board the Lucania.

"I never heard of Ellis Island in my
life," he said yesterday. "I thought I
had no delay whatever, except walk right
out, but I soon found my mistake. I was
stopped, and then questions were fired at
me, half of which I did not understand.
They seemed particularly anxious to know
if I had any job to go to, and they asked
so many questions on that point that I
thought it best to say that I had, although,
of course, I had not.

"Well, the minute I said 'yes,' somebody
said I would have to go back; that I was
violating the Contract Labor law, what-
ever that is. Back I was huddled, and
then the Lucania started back to Queens-
town I was on board of her.

"Now, just imagine an Irishman going
home and telling his family and friends
why he was sent out of the United States!
Why, it would be the greatest disgrace, and
the whole town would be against him. I
would not stand it, and that I would re-
turn again by the next boat. So when I
got to Queenstown I stayed there, and at
the end of a week I was again on my way
to America, and as luck would have it, by
the same Lucania.

"We passed Quarantine all right, but
when the vessel got up near her pier I be-
gan to fear that I would be sent to Ellis
Island again and that I would be recog-
nized and sent back to Queenstown. I had
made friends with most of the passengers
on board and they were all willing to help
me. Mainly through their assistance I
made my escape. I managed to fasten a
long rope to the stern and when the Lu-
cania came up to the dock I seized the rope
and dropped over the side. I was towed
along on top of the water for about half
a minute, nobody seeing me. Then I
dropped off and began to swim.

"I hadn't been away from the vessel half
a minute when I thought I was lost sure.
Right at the end of the pier a sewer of
some kind emptied into the river. The pier
itself is built upon spiles and there is a
lot of treble work underneath. I managed
to reach one of the beams and drew my-
self up so as to be able to sit on it.

"I was pretty well exhausted for the
time, and even had there been an easy way
for me to get out of the difficulty I would
have been unable to have done so. While
sitting under the pier, I could hear the
rumble of trucks overhead, and the voices
of men all abouting at once.

"When you consider that I was sitting
less than two feet above the water and
that, as the tide continued to rise, I was
likely to be caught and drowned, you can
imagine my feelings. So anxiously did I
watch the water that I forgot all thought
of hunger. I was half crazed with fright,
and how I remained there so long I do not
know. It is a fact, however, that I re-
mained in that position under the pier all
that afternoon and night, and until early
the next morning. Then I dropped into the
water again and began swimming
around for a place to get upon dry land,
but could not find one.

"Finally I thought of the sewer, and
into that I climbed. For fully two hours
I floundered about and finally found a
manhole, or some kind of a trap, up which
I climbed. The rest was easy. I had
some money with me, and with this I
managed to reach a friend's home at Brook-
lyn, where I lay ill for a couple of days,
after which I procured employment.

"No, I am not going near Ellis Island.
My house is down there, and that ought
to be enough for them. They can have
it, and welcome.

Lane's story has been corroborated, so
far as it is possible to do so. The story
of his having been sent back to Ireland is
true, and his friends describe Lane's visit
to the Brooklyn house on the morning he
said he got there. His appearance indi-
cated that he had been wading through a
sewer.

The Funniest

Thing you ever read is Bill Nye's
"Comic History of England"—the
last thing the famous humorist
wrote. The first chapter of this
masterpiece of fun will be in the
SUNDAY JOURNAL next Sunday.

OFFERING IT FOR SALE. SO YOU CAN PUT A PERSONAL
OFFER FOR SUCH A LARGE SUM OF MONEY IN THE NEW YORK SUN
I CONCLUDED TO WAIT. I HAVE. SAYING
HOW THOUGHT THE MATTER
OVER AND HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT A
LITTLE MONEY IS BETTER THAN NONE IF YOU ARE
ANXIOUS FOR THE RETURN OF
THE VIOLIN AND WILLING TO WHEN I SEE YOUR PERSONAL
PAY A SUM OF MONEY SMALL IN THE SUN I WILL LET
COMPARED WITH THE VALUE YOU KNOW HOW THE
OF THE VIOLIN I THINK NO EXCHANGE CAN BE
MADE

CAVE DWELLER

LETTER SENT TO MRS. BOTT.

Some time after Professor Jean Jo-
seph Bott's Stradivarius violin was
stolen Mrs. Bott received a letter signed
by "Cave Dweller," offering to return
the instrument if a reward was offered.

WHO STOLE BOTT'S RARE OLD VIOLIN?

Widow of the Owner Says Victor
Flechter Now Has It in
His Store.

Thinks He Took It in the Hope of
Getting a Big Reward for
Its Return.

TESTIMONY GIVEN AT THE TRIAL.

Letter Produced in Which "Cave Dweller"
Agreed to Restore the Instrument
if a Sufficient Sum of Money
Were Offered.

The trial of Victor S. Flechter for the
alleged larceny of a Stradivarius violin
from Professor Jean Joseph Bott, who
died of a broken heart, his widow says,
on account of the loss of the instrument, was
continued before Recorder Goff, in Part I,
General Sessions.

In his opening address Assistant District
Attorney Osborne said that in 1894 Pro-
fessor Bott decided to sell the violin to
Signor Nicolini, Mme. Patti's husband.
Flechter was the middleman in the trans-
action. Nicolini was willing to give \$4,500
for the violin, but wanted to pay by check.
Mr. Bott had no use for checks. As a re-
sult the sale was not made.

Professor Bott at that time lived with
his wife at No. 335 West Thirty-first street.
At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of March 31,
1894, Bott and his wife left their apart-
ments. Two hours later a young man
called at the house and was allowed by
Miss Ellen Clancy, a servant, to wait for
them an hour in their apartments. When
the Botts came home the violin was gone.

The loss proved a severe blow to Professor
Bott. He fell ill and never rallied.
Miss Ellen Clancy was called to the stand
and told about the visit of the mysterious
young man on the day the violin disap-
peared. She described the visitor as twen-
ty-three years old, five feet tall, with dark
hair and mustache, and a sorrow com-
plexion.

August Gauder, violin maker, was
next sworn. He gave a technical descrip-
tion of Professor Bott's violin, and stated
that there was a fracture in the "belly"
of the instrument. It was also developed
that on the hearing of the case before the
Police Magistrate that Gauder had been a
witness for the defence. Yesterday he was
called by the people.

Mrs. Bott, a tall and slender woman,
with snow-white hair, and dressed in deep
mourning, was called. She said that, if the
violin had been sold to Nicolini, Flechter
was to have received \$500 for his services.
When the Botts refused Nicolini's check
Flechter, according to the witness, was
angry.

Then Daniel C. Ames, the expert in hand-
writing, was called by the people. He
was given two papers and asked to state
whether they were written by the same
person. Despite the protests of Mr.
Palmer, the Recorder told the witness to
answer the question.

"Both these letters," said the witness,
"were, in my opinion, written by the same
hand."

One of the letters was a communication
received by Mrs. Bott on May 29, 1895.
The other was, it is alleged, prepared by
the defendant, who gave it to her, so she
says, as a sample of an advertisement that
might possibly bring back the lost violin.

The letter which Mr. Ames said was
written by the same person who wrote
the advertisement was signed "Cave Dwell-
er." The writer said that, owing to the

GRIPPED A BURGLAR WITH HIS ICE TONGS.

Stockheimer Could Not Hold
Him and the Thief Con-
tinued His Flight.

Three Policemen, a Woman and a
Crowd of Citizens Were Actly
Pursuing McGuire.

HE HAD BEEN ROBBING A FLAT.

Eluding the Iccman, He Ran Through a
Basement and Scaled a Fence, but
Was Caught After He Sprained
His Ankle.

William Stockheimer, a burly iceman, of
No. 341 East Eighty-first street, made a
novel attempt to capture a burglar who
was hotly pursued by three policemen, in
West Ninety-fifth street, yesterday after-
noon. The iceman seized the burglar with
his tongs as he was passing, and held him
a short time, but the fugitive tore away
from him. He was afterward captured.

The burglary took place in the flat occu-
pied by George A. Gorenflo, at No. 731
Amsterdam avenue. The Gorenflos live
one night up. With them resides Miss He-
ster Davidson, who is Mrs. Gorenflo's sister.

The two women went out in the forenoon,
expecting to be gone all day. About 1
o'clock Miss Davidson returned. She found
a man busily engaged examining the sil-
verware. The burglar made a dash for the
door, but Miss Davidson pluckily grabbed
him around the neck. He pushed her away
violently and she fell on the floor. Then
he ran down the stairs. The young woman
followed, shouting for help.

The burglar darted around the corner
eastward through Ninety-fifth street. Po-
licemen Merz pursued the burglar, and
Policemen Hibbard and Cushman joined in
the chase. Miss Davidson and several citi-
zens followed. Policemen Merz fired one
shot in the air, but the burglar ran on.

Stockheimer stood at the corner of Co-
lumbus avenue with his ice tongs in his
hand.

"Stop him! Catch him!" the policeman
shouted to the iceman.

Stockheimer opened his tongs and, when
the burglar came up, grabbed him. The
burglar's clothing tore and he escaped the
grasp of the tongs. He pulled out a re-
volver and pointed it at Stockheimer, who
hurled the tongs and knocked the weapon
out of his hand.

The burglar then ran down Columbus
avenue. He passed through the basement
of a house to the rear yard, where his pro-
gress was barred by a board fence ten feet
high. Setting a ladder which he found
there against the fence, he ran up to the
top and leaped down on the other side. In
jumping he wrenched his left foot severely.

He limped into the rear of a house fronting
on Ninety-fifth street and was captured
hiding in a wood box in the cellar.

He gave his name as James McGuire and
said he lived at the Kenwood Hotel, on the
corner of Broadway and Forty-second
avenue. He is about thirty-five years old.
A Jimmy, with which he had broken into
the flat, and several lock picks were found
in his possession. He had stolen about \$200
worth of jewelry.

The police say that McGuire confessed
he had been a crook for ten years as a
member of a gang of counterfeiters and a
green-goods dealer.

"That was my first attempt at burglary,"
he declared, "and I got nabbed. That is
what I get for tackling a new trade."

McGuire was remanded in the Harlem
Court until to-day. He was also photo-
graphed for the Rogues' Gallery.

ELECTROCUTION OF ZLAMEL.

Meets Death with Composure, Indicating
Stupidity Rather Than Bravery.

Danmore, N. Y., April 14.—The eighth
electrocution took place in the death cham-
ber at Clinton Prison this morning when,
at 11:43 o'clock, Josef Zlamek, the murderer of
Teresa Kamora, his sweetheart, at Johns-
town, Fulton County, met death in the elec-
tric chair.

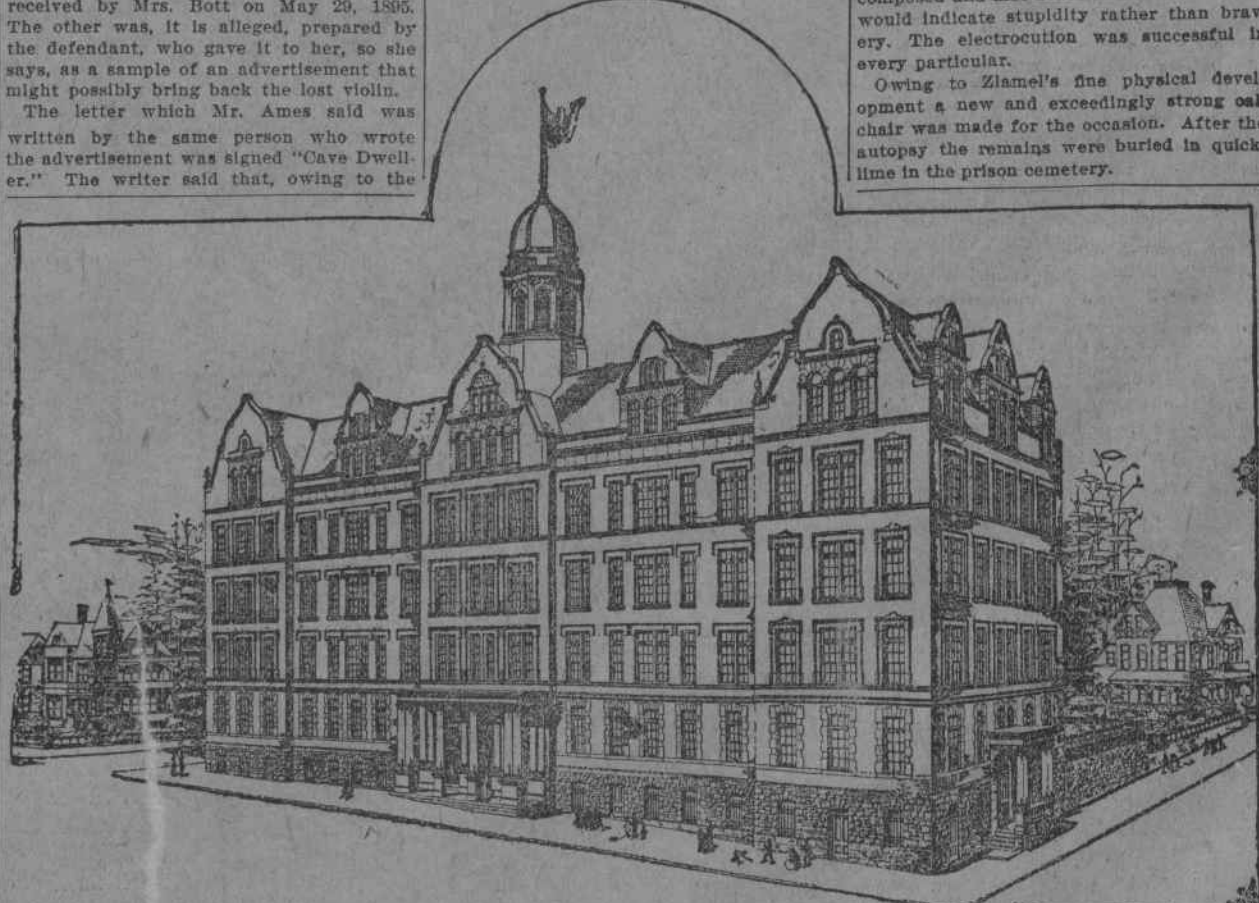
Zlamek was accompanied to the chair by
the village priest, and his lips moved in
prayer up to the time the current of 1,840
volts was turned on. For several days
Zlamek has expressed himself as anxious for
the fatal day, so he could, as he expressed
it, "go and see the gal." He was cool and
composed and met death in a manner which
would indicate stupidity rather than brav-
ery. The electrocution was successful in
every particular.

Owing to Zlamek's fine physical devel-
opment a new and exceedingly strong oak
chair was made for the occasion. After the
autopsy the remains were buried in quick-
lime in the prison cemetery.



THE FARMERS' CLUB DISCUSSES THE HONEY BEE.

The main hall of the Farmers' Club, at No. 111 West Thirty-eighth street, was used yesterday afternoon by the members for the purpose of exhibiting and discussing the work of the busy bee. William A. Selzer, of Philadelphia, exhibited a colony of bees that had for a ruler a beautiful gold colored queen from Italy. He explained that the queen would live five years and produce 40,000 bees every year of her life. Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, of Philadelphia, said she would like to be made a Park Commissioner of this city. She would see to it, she said, that every park and every vacant lot owned by the city should be utilized for the production of honey and beeswax, as thousands of tons of honey could be obtained from the most ordinary plants. She estimated that \$50,000,000 worth of honey and wax is sold each year, and added that the supply is far beneath the demand.



ONE OF THE NEW SCHOOLS IN THE ANNEXED DISTRICT.

It will stand in Tremont and Anthony avenues, in the Twenty-fourth Ward. It will be 133 feet long and 62 feet wide. On the recommendation of the Board of Education yesterday a contract to erect the building for \$197,000 was awarded to P. J. Walsh by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. He was the lowest of seven bidders. The Board of Estimate also confirmed a contract with Peter M. Phillips for an annex to Grammar School No. 37, five stories in height, and running through from East Eighty-seventh to East Eighty-eighth street. One floor is to be made into a manual training department, while the plate glass flat roof, which will be topped in, is to be used as a playground for the children. The cost is to be \$22,450.